

Joey Don't Do It

Fat Joe

"Hey Joe, now where you goin with that
gun in yo' hand?"

Yeah, yeahhh, AOWWWW! Yeah
Just when you thought it was, s-s-s-s-safe
I ran up in the crib and cleared the motherfuckin safe
Got crates full of bass, got pills, got ones
And everybody knows that, Joey got a gun
I got that ch-ch-ch-ch-chopper, yes I'm a hustler
A to the K with the motherfuckin muffler
Heed when the God speak, when I squeeze my palm squeak
Drop more shells on your block than Palm Beach
Don't do it, don't do it, shit Joey don't do it
I said fuck it I'ma push this shit back to the future
Niggaz call me German so I hit 'em with the Ruger
Bullets like Easy Pass, they run right through ya
Got the supersoaker for superjokers to supertorch ya
Stupid is what stupid does, now move it Coka
I'ma prove it's over, you ain't got a chance
And I don't even need a gun, I know how to dance

Yeah, uhh
Joey got a gun, and everybody know
that black kitted car stash box where it go
Fo'-fo' long, told Curtis he could hold that
Run in your hotel room, and take yo' gat
Got old guns for new niggaz, my throwback
And I ain't talkin 'bout music, get your soul clapped
Canons so big, bounce, they exit
Play Superman, fuck around, get your S split
42 shots to the chest, where your vest went?
No more passes for niggaz, no exceptions
Got the goons with me and them niggaz kinda desperate
Give a nigga a job like Tony, do reception
Pounding, ran the chain on the man's border
Taliban style, blow his brains on the camcorder
You can hear death in my voice, call it manslaughter
Pistol whip the shit out this bitch, put my hands on her

[Chorus]